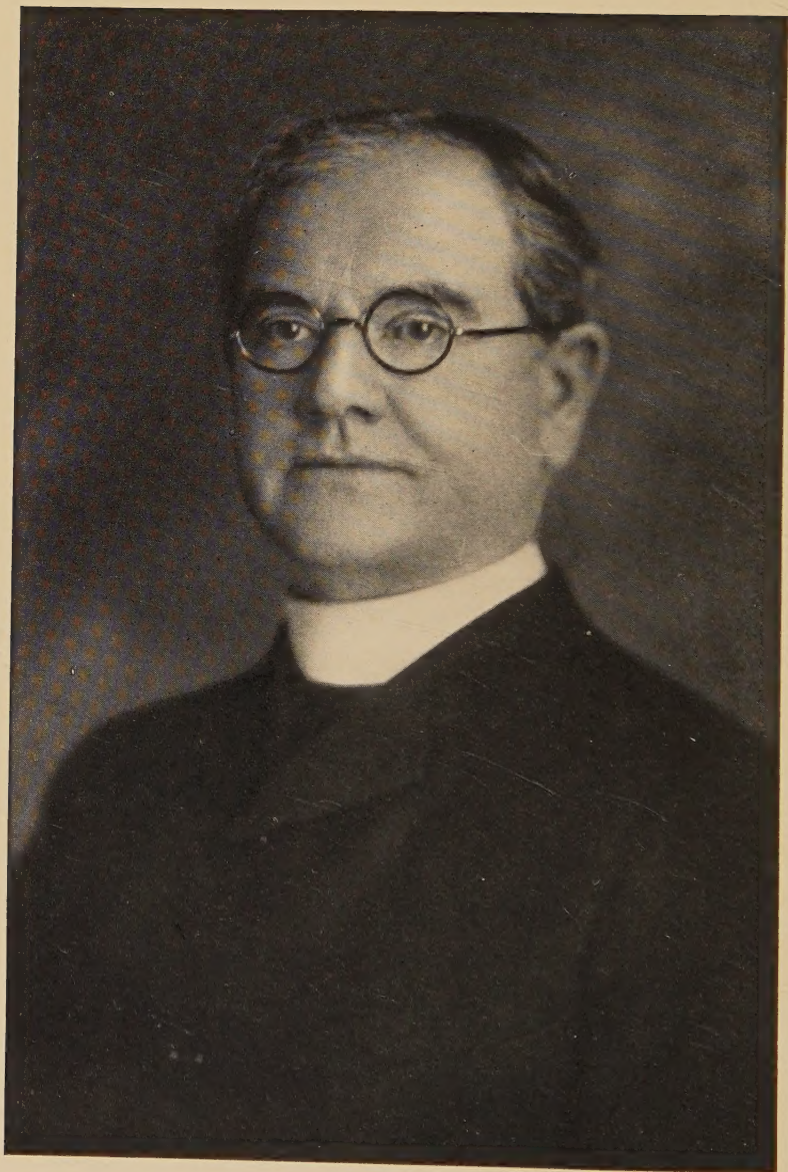


To May from Albert
Christmas '24

Albert P. Schunberg
Pages - 99-118-127

The Marquette Book of Verse



REV. JOHN DANIHY, S. J.

The Marquette Book of Verse



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The Marquette Book of Verse

Edited by

G. Ruth Reynolds.

Alphonse P. Nelson

Victor Hamm

Lawrence A. Keating

Clarence McHouren

E. J. Morrison.

To REV. JOHN DANIHY, S. J.,
Dean of the Marquette University
College of Journalism.

THIS BOOK IS DEDICATED

His constructive criticism has inspired literary
achievement by Marquette students
for the last decade.

PREFACE

The first Marquette Book of Verse is composed entirely of contributions by undergraduates. Much that might have found a place here may have been omitted through lack of files of some publications. The book was edited by students in response to requests from many sources for such a volume. The editors realize no apology can gloss over imperfections but they feel the reader will not lose sight of the fact that it is the work of the students.

THE PUBLISHER.

SKATING

Our hearts are light,
The moon gleams bright
Upon the frozen river,
 As o'er we glide
 Its bosom wide,
While rings the sharp steel ever,
 Ho!
 For we are merry,
 With cheeks of cherry,
And laugh when keen winds blow.
Heigh-ho! then shout!
And glide about
 From shore to shore;
 More speed and more—
Skim we and sorrow rout.

The night may howl,
The forest scowl,
Upon the frozen river.
 But buoyant cheer,
 Admits no fear,
When joined with youth together.
 Ho!
 For winter's greeting
 Is swiftly fleeting,
So let the keen winds blow!

—Francis Burns.

MAPLE TREES

Standing by the road
And lifting sun-drenched branches high,
Trembling maple trees
Look at the city's noise-bruised sky;

Stricken fearful, lest
The autumn winds, like petty thieves,
Hiding behind walls
Have come to strip their gilded leaves;

Tossing all that gold
Upon the lawns and wantonly
Leaving it to mould,
O winds why so much cruelty?

—Edward Symanski

SEASHORE

See, with how soft a kiss
The waters in their bliss
Now woo the pebbled shore,
Then part to meet no more,
Like lovers true and dear
When death and parting's near.

—Ferd. A. Brukwicki.

DAD'S TALE

"When I was young, and gay, and spry—"
(And here he heaves a longing sigh)

"The men were braver than today;
A battle hot caused no dismay.
Why son, we fairly longed to die!"

"'Tis different now. When danger's nigh
Today the men just whine and cry.

They never did that in the day
When I was young!"

Just then his shout rose to the sky;
He threw his arms away up high.

A little yellow bee at play
Caressed him in the usual way.
No more I hear that taunting cry

"When I was young—"

—Howard E. Kulzick.

“THE LIGHTER MAN”

I can remember when,
A child of seven summers,
I sat upon the steps of my father's house
Of a drowsy summer's evening
Waiting for the “lighter man”
To make his rounds.

Topping the hill
He shuffled into view,
And leaned his little ladder against a post.
With expert ease
He'd strike a match—
A golden glow would bloom above him.

Down the hill he made his route,
Leaving his lamps
A golden rosary behind him.

I can remember
How hushed the velvet summer evening seemed,
A casual voice,
The rattle of a passing buggy on the packed dirt
road;
The low hung stars
Glowing like baby lamps,
The drowsy night wind rustling low.

The creak of a rocker
And my mother's caution,
Later
Through the curtained open window of my room,
Between the cool white sheets I'd lie
And watch the dimming string of lamps
Fade into a golden blurr.

—James Powers.

ORIENTALE

Low in the orange sky
Blazes the crimson eye,
Blazes the blood-red eye,
Of setting sun.

Hot are the tawny sands,
Hot are the flaming sands, —
Burning like firebrands;
Shade there is none.

Winding their lonely way
Through the long desert day,
Patiently, wearily,
Camel and rider.

Pass o'er the sea of sands,
Limitless seas of sands,—
Than the eye's far expanse
Wider,—wider.

Humped the camel's back;
On each gaunt side a pack;
Mounted upon its back
Bedouin pilgrim.

Bright red his turban gleams,
Red as the blood that streams
From a fierce tiger's seams
When wounds do kill him.

Black are his almond-eyes,
Keen as the raven's eyes,
When through the night he flies
Sadly and lonely.

Swarthy his meagre face
Like all the Nomad race;
Courage in every trace
This, and this only.

Onward the camel stalks,
Never it fails or balks;
From side to side it rocks;—
Ship of the desert.

Russet the western sky;
Steel blue the eastern sky;
Sable winged Night comes nigh.
Dark grows the picture.

Noiselessly day departs,
Noiselessly evening starts;
Noiseless a lion darts
Over the picture.

One by one glowing stars,
(Each the deep purple mars)
Venture through Heaven's bars;—
Globules of light.

Now in the eastern wall;
O'er horizon, all
Shimm'ring, the silver ball,
Queen of the night.

Silently floats aloft;
Pale is its light and soft;
(No wit rests on sands soft,
Freed from night's womb).

Only a silhouette
On the white moon
Marks where the river
Rides in the gloom.

—Victor Hamm.

SONG OF A TOILER

Mah hands is workin' wif a pick;
Mah mind is playin'. So
Ah lubs ter feel de fingahs ob de wind.
Ah seems ter grow
Up ter dose hangin' cotton clouds;
Mah workin' hands mus' fling
Mah troubles ter de melted snows.
Mah mind kin play en Spring.

Mah eyes is seein' bashful buds
Dat's peepin' from de trees.
Mah hands is workin', workin' wif mah pick.
Ah nebber sees
De mud below. Mah listenin' ears
Is hearin' robins sing.
Mah hands is slaves. Mah mind, mah heart
Is free. Ah'm lubbin' Spring.

—E. Ruth Reynolds.

SCHOPENAUER

Man dreams of peace and quiet rest
To recompense him for his toil
And so performs his irksome tasks
That he may cease from mad turmoil.

But after many years of strife,
He finds his dreams are all in vain,
The only peace he ever knows
Is mere relief from bitter pain.

—Roy Greenthal.

DREAMING IN DOMREMY

Amidst the vivid blades
Of soft and tender grass
We lie—and hear the wagon wheels
That pass and ever pass.

We hear the laughing cries
Of children passing by;
We chuckle at their shouts;
We smile, and then we sigh
As twilight falls and daffodills
Above us nod in sleep.

A fragrant night wind whispers low;
A million stars their vigil keep;
A moon bathed brooklet gurgles near;
We sigh— and soft we sleep.

—James Powers.

THE SPARROWS

A little shrill melodious sound
And wee brown things upon the ground.
They seem a part of Mother Earth's brown breast,
Until they flutter,
And sharply utter,
That grating cry of city-bred unrest,
Those wee brown things.

They are to us a piece of dust,
A fragment of the ground's hard crust.
We'd wiser be if we could hold one though,
And feel its warm,
And quivering form,
Those little souls of nature here below,
Those wee brown things.

—Helen Frances Corrigan.

SUNSET

The glowing red sun descends
Into the wide-viewing,
Silver-grey mere of the world;
Ethereal castles, humed rosily,
Billow after it; and, opposite,
The moon, a sad, death-pale countenance,
Breaks through clouds of autumn-dusk;
And behind it, a fog of fire-sparklets,
Shimmer the stars.

Of yore glowed on the heavens,
United in marriage,
Luna the goddess and Sol the god,
And about them teemed the stars,
Their little, innocent children.

But tongues of malice gossiped of scandal,
And the high-illustrious couple
Was sundered in enmity.
Now during the day, in lonely splendor
Walks the sun on yonder heights,
Worshipped for his glory

And sung by proud, unfeeling mortals.
But of nights,
On heaven roams Luna,
The poor mother,
With her orphaned star-children ;
And she glows in silent sadness.
And amorous maidens and tender poets
Offer her tears and songs.

Gentle Luna,—still a woman,
Still does she love her splendid spouse.
Towards evening, trembling and wan,
She steals from her light clouding,
And gazes with yearning after the departing one,
And would fain cry timidly ; “Come back,
Come back ; the children long for you. . . .”
But the obdurate Sun-god
At the gaze of his wife but glows
In deeper purple,
For anger and pain,
And pitilessly hurries downward
To his sea-cold widowed bed.

* * * *

Bad, tattling tongues
Brought thus pain and undoing
E'en to eternal gods.
And the poor immortals roam
Up in the sky,
Tortured and inconsolable,
Through endless pathways,
And cannot die,
But must drag with them
Their radiant misery.

I, however, a mortal,
The lowly-planted, the blessed-with-death,
I complain no longer.

—Victor Hamm.

THE COUNTRY STORE

False-fronted building of unpainted wood,
A sagging hitch rack, where the horses stood ;
Within, lax loafers hugged the glowing stove,
Above whose forms dense smoke clouds interwove.
Tobacco-spotted floors meet grimy walls
Half hid with shelves piled high with overalls,
Blue shirts, some overshoes, and coarse-cut plug,
Bologna, beans, and sorghum by the jug ;
And where the former owners piled their feet
And speculated on the crops of corn and wheat,
There stood a counter, with a glass-caged cheese,
Salt pork and sauerkraut and cans of peas ;
And from yon soul surviving window pane,
That knew no washing, save by friendly rain,
The sunlight, streaming through a broken shade
Lit up the cat's slow counter-promenade.

—William P. McKenna.

YOUR CALL

You called to me, when but a child I strayed,
Into a darkened room, from one all bright,
And as the shadows frightened me, I cried;
Then calling me, your dear voice guided right,
My wandering steps back to your side, and there.
I told you of my fears and laughingly,
You took me up, and head upon your breast,
I found repose, while you sang soft to me.

If you should call me now, when shadows fall,
I'd turn, and going back would find as then,
The light and you, and manhood's cloak would drop
From off my shoulders, and I'd be again,
There at your knee, the child confessing all,
And finding all forgiven, on your breast,
My weary head would lay, and as you sing,
My tired eyelids close in peaceful rest.

Rev. Raymond J. Mahoney.

BUT YESTERDAY

It seems to me that yesterday
The curly ringlets 'round your head
Danced lightly as you romped at play
With baby tread.

That yestereve your chubby hand
Clasped tightly 'round a wooly sheep,
As Dusk, with grains of silver sand,
Coaxed you to sleep.

That while you slept, in fairy dreams,
And shadows came to weave the night,
They spun with years—to me it seems—
Can I be right?

For now, full grown, you smile to see
The wonder lurking in my eyes;
But Time, dear lad, shall bring to thee
Just such surprise.

—Harriet Wratten.

EXCHANGE

Love took from me
 To hold them ever, long,
These cherished little things:
 My careless laughter and my song;

Love gave to me
 This one delicious while,
To worship only you,
 Your hands, your hair, your eyes and smile.

—Edward Symanski.

AN OLD MAN'S SOLILOQUY

Yes, ninety years on Christmas Eve—

A stronger, firmer oak than most,
My forest gone, I too must leave!

In fancy now I see a host
Of friends who once had warmed my heart,
Though life is but a spectre grey,
These friends are real in worlds apart;
They live, so I live and pray.

I live, but what holds life for me?

A wrinkled parchment—story told—
A relic of what used to be.

Once young, a gallant, gay and bold;
My locks are touched with winter's snow;
I dream of days beyond retrieve,
And wonder whether I shall know
Next year when it is Christmas eve.

—Eugene Ball.

FOR TWO

A gust of wind, a softened moan,
The patter of sibilant rain;
A murky night, we two alone
While sweet love doth complain.

Ah cheek half wet! Ah tear half loosed
Why mingle with raindrops clear?
O haunting face with red suffused,
Love's own sweet grief is dear!

—Al. P. Nelson.

THE CAMPER'S CLARION

We'll sail down the river
Until we reach the bay;
We'll carry the canoe then,
And far north tramp our way.

We'll roam in deep green meadows
Where larks enraptured reign;
We'll rest care-free on hillsides,
And be plain boys again.

We'll camp by a lonely pool
Where the trees are tall and broad,
Where willows wreathe the water
And dreamy lilies nod.

When the moon's a glowing disc
And clouds beam imageries,
We'll watch from the soundless woods,
An re-live memories.

—The Valleyman.

STRAY NOTES OF A DISTANT MELODY

Soft and soothing notes of sadness
Mingling with a shade of gladness
Like the silvery rippling laughter
 Of an infant, sylvan stream
Through the night robed chambers swaying
In the silent stillness, playing
Like the capers of sprite fairies
 In the moonlight's magic gleam.
And the past, that golden treasure,
Mingling shades of pain and pleasure
Are repainting with the tender longing of a dream.

—Samuel S. Pessin.

HIGH TREES

There is a comfort in high trees
 standing in the forest,
Holding outspread proud arms
 in attitude protective,
As in the presence of fathers' watch-keeping.

High trees, pillaring the earth,
 holding off the sky.

If you can outface the tusked gale
 that rips the belly of heaven,
And poisonous laughter of the years,
 keeping a strong silence,
For us then, too, there is hope in endurance.

—Victor M. Hamm.

MAH CONSCIENCE!

Ole man in de moon
W'at yo' grinnin' at?
Yo' don' know nuffin' 'bout me.
'Cuz w'en Ah do do somefin' wrong
Yo're nebber out ter see.

Ole man in de moon
Yo' cain't skeer me!
Wif dat great big foolish grin!
'Cuz Ah'm de cheese 'n Ah'm not green
'Nn w'en yo're out—Ah'm in.

Ole man in de moon
Yo' makes me laff
Pertendin' ter me—yo' know!
It wuz rainin' dat night
'N yo' stayed in
So Ah'll do de laffin—Ho! Ho!

—E. Ruth Reynolds.

THE DESERTED PLAYHOUSE

By the side of a small clear lake,
Where the kingfisher swoops for its prey
From the drooping willows that bend
O'er the reeds where the bitterns sway,

Stands an old deserted playhouse
With nightshade covered o'er;
Beneath its rude foundations
The hermit woodchucks bore.

Within, where once the children
All through the summer played,
The mice now hold courtmartials;
Hornets the eaves invade.

Among the tall green grasses
The snakes and frogs retreat;
The loons from nearby marshes
Their plaintive moans repeat.

Thus guarded by nature's forces,
It will slowly crumble away,
Deserted, save for the memories
It holds of a bygone day.

—Eva Trieschmann.

WAUKEGAN

Unite for better or for worse;
There's much to gain, not much to lose.
Make peace, combine, and use one purse;
Unite for better or for worse.
I speak to those in love. Just use
Good sense, dream on (I fill the verse),
Unite for better or for worse,
There's much to gain, not much to lose.

—John V. Jakusz.

SALVAGE

The blasts of coming Death shriek through the sky.
The ill-famed ship staggers in frenzied fright,
For Fate has writ that ere glides by this night
Both she and her ungodly crew must die.

Within the forecastle the victims lie
Around the galley fire, and curse and fight
As is their wont; but one whose beard is white,
Whose back is bowed with years, breathes forth a
sigh.

His thoughts hark back to this same night a year
Long, long ago . . . Then in a mystic haze
A Mother and Her new born Son appear . . .
The aged one stares at Them in amaze;
Unhallowed eyes fill with a holy fear;
He kneels, his arms upraised to Them, and prays.

—Clarence McGovren.

LET ME BE NOTHING TO YOU BUT A PICTURE

Let me be nothing to you but a picture,
Find me a wall,
Quite near to you, where you may look, sometimes,
Dear, that is all.
I could watch over you all day, all night,
My eyes would be,
Lit—ready to light your face if you should turn,
To glance at me.

—Helen F. Corrigan.

NOSTALGIA

So sick I am of walking foreign roads,
So tired of strange faces ;
Dazed by alien crowd and throng,
And cold, lifeless places.

Oh, to get back where I'm it!
Not one of many. To people friendly, strong :
Feel the warm breath of love—and know
I'm wanted—know that I belong.

I know the snow is whiter there ;
The children much more fair ;
The church chimes, songs, sing sweetly out
Upon December air.

Where Christmas means something besides
An empty handclasp, or a shout.
I'll live again the life I love,
And from my house cast sorrow out.

—Cyrus Rice.

REVERIE

I saw the city at set of sun,
Deep and red in the lower sky,
Just at the hour when the day was done,
And the stars came out and the moon was high.

Smoke curled up toward the western glow,
Roofs and peaks loomed sharp and black,
Ships in the harbor reflected below
Lights from the decks laughed mockingly back.

Come as they will through ages to be,
Setting of suns and darkness of nights,
So will there come on land and on sea,
Glamour of moons and laughing of lights.

—Harriet Wratten.

LOVE IS ILLUSION

Love is illusion,
A myth of mad dreams,
Nourished with moonlight
Bathed in its streams.

Armed with the magic
Of sweet-scented night,
Love goes with Folly
In search of Delight.

Hiding in shadows,
Stalking his prey,
Love goes a-creeping,
Along his sly way.

A youth clasps a maid
Fast in his arms.
Love has succeeded
In casting his charms.

But Love soon grows weary
And longs to depart.
Now leaves the lovers
Who wake with a start.

Oh painful surprise
For the maid and the youth.
Love's disenchantment
Has shown them the truth.

The youth leaves the maiden,
A sneer on his face.
The maid goes a-weeping.
She's fallen from grace.
Love is illusion,
A myth of mad dreams
A false friend to maidens,
He's not what he seems,
Not what he seems.

—Roy Greenthal.

THE HAZING

It happened in school,
 Though not in class,
And he looked like a fool,
 It happened in school.
He was ducked in the pool,
 As he happened to pass.
It happened in school
 Though not in class.

—John M. Koch.

PAGODES

Sombre Chinese sunset,
Murky waters of the western sky,
Glowing little clouds, like gold-fish
Swimming sluggish by.

Tinkle of tiny bells
Drifting like a shower of silver rain
From the twisty temple-roofs,
Down the mango-lane.

Pallid priests of Buddha
Chanting their queer angular orisons,
Admitting of no harmony,
Where the Sacred River runs.

A maid with jet-black hair
Glides along the fringe of the lotus-pond;
Her face is white as ivory,
Delicate as a frond.

Her fingers are more frail
Than lily-buds unfolding in the Spring,
Quainter are her eyes than songs
Dewy black-birds sing.

When Night's glow-worms creep
Through the sky to light the winking moon,
A man will come from the hidden places,
To the cicada's tune.

Holding the maiden's hand
In his, while moments spend their futile number,
And all the lotos-flowers will close
Their eyes in Chinese slumber.

—Victor M. Hamm.

WHY?

Why do we live?
Why must we die?
Sadly, so sadly,
Comes the reply,
No one can know.

Why do I love,
And mournfully sigh?
Gently, so gently
Comes the reply,
Do you not know?

Why do I laugh
When I would cry?
Wildly, so wildly,
Comes the reply,
Why would you know?

—Roy Greenthal.

TO AN UNOPENED LETTER

All day long thy slender form
Has burned
Against my heart;
My fingers cry to tear apart
Your fragile frame,
To gaze with love weary eyes
And sneer.

And yet
When night's proud face
Shall soothe
My truant anger,
Then shall I float
On purpled rivers,
And weep,—
Because of you.

—Al. P. Nelson.

THE SECOND ANNIVERSARY

Don't go out tonight, Herm.
Stay home with me and talk to me.
It seems so long since we talked together,
Like we did, before we were married.
Put your arms around me, Herm.
Kiss me, hug me, love me,
Tell me you love me, tell me the things,
You told me long ago.
It seems so long ago, just two years.
You still love me, Herm, I know you do.
Even though you don't kiss me any more,
Even though you go out every night,
After supper is over, and you've read the paper.
I need you, Herm, like I never thought
I would need anyone.
Oh God; I love you, I love you!
Please Herm, don't go out tonight.
Stay with me.

You have a date with Frank.
You can't break it?
Please . . .
Oh!

—Roy Greenthal.

DAGUERREOTYPE

Faint perfumes float upon the air
Of jessamine and rose
A swishing stir, a rustle,
Old lace, and silken clothes.
Upon the wide stair landing
Where first our love began
I see your sweet face smiling
Above a feathered fan.

Scarce whiter was the snowdrop
That in your garden grew
Than that curved neck. Cream necklace
That fell upon the blue
Of shimmering folds, and ruffles
To taunt the heart of man
Your dusky ringlets twined above
A waving feather fan.

You pressed your slender fingers
To moistened, parted lips
You shook a lacy handkerchief
You curtsied. Tiny chips
Of floating perfumes do I feel
In memory still I can
Bend low, then kiss the smiling face
Behind the feathered fan.

—E. Ruth Reynolds,

MEMORIES

Midst silken shades of ebon night,
When earth lies fast asleep I fain
Would list once more to music fair
What then I heard. Alas! In vain

I hope and pray, for she who played
For me, no more with gentle hand
Will touch the keys of white and black,
Nor sing of that enchanted land

Of azure skies, where green topped trees
Forever sway in summer's breeze;
Where smiling rays of golden sun
Ne'er die, where white sailed boats on seas

Of blue glide merrily, and hid
Mid forests black, a palace stands
As pure as snow. Ah, then I did
Not know the land of which she sang,

Nor why her quiv'ring voice would fall
And fade. Too late I learned! The maid,
The land, have fled beyond recall.

—John V. Jakusz.

THE OLD GRIST-MILL

'Mid verdant shadows trailing
O'er a green nook in the wood,
In the soft pink sunlight failing
An old white grist-mill stood.

In the sunset's golden stillness
The sheeted falling water droned,
Stressed at intervals with shrillness,
When the laboring mill-wheel groaned.

—Ray McNitt.

WHY DOES THE WILLOW

Why does the willow
Hang her head so low
That the vagrant river
Phlegmatically
Brushes her drooping hair?

Oily hypocrite,
O river;
You have tortured Narcissus
Until his passion passed bounds,
And he leaped into your face.
And sometimes
When you give me a face of wrinkles,
Just to spite you
I feel like jumping into you
And spoiling your face.

Perhaps the willow, too,
Has sickened of your taunts
And is tantalizing
Your face
With her hair.

—V. Hamm.

DISILLUSIONMENT

Philos, take thou grey ashes from this crumbled
heart

Burned by a smouldering hate, embittered love,
Take thou these cold grey ashes. From the mart
Scatter them to the sky. Would that they sped
above

On to a soul beatified with grace

There to unite once more in vital sway.
This is my gift—turn thou a kindly face
See thou, a cold grey heart dust. Fling it away.

—E. Ruth Reynolds.

OUTSIDE READING

The golden leaves fly with the wind ;
The crisping air is chill—
Wedges of birds beat south again
From thickets on the hill.

God's book of days grows gaily writ
With scarlet, gold, and blue.
I'd like to read His book outside
The way he meant us to!

—Elizabeth Shores.

SPRING

A piece of rainbow lighted on the trees
A bit of Heaven dropped into the breeze,
The red of sunrise streaked the robin's breast,
The sunset's gold the bright canary's crest.
The twinkle of a star came down below
To be a dewdrop in the garden row.
A grain of silver tumbled from the moon
To play upon the waves of the lagoon.
And nature lent a feathered host to sing—
Earth had come forth anew—and this was Spring.

—H. A. W.

THE COMMANDER

Thirty age-worn centuries ago
One summer morn
Upon the walls of Priam's Troy
Stood Helen,
Fairest of women that Thrace had e'er beheld,
Watching with eager eyes
The gleam of fresh awakened spears,
Far in the trenchant plain.

The city was astir
Beneath a sun-blue sky,
And proud Helen,
Face upturned by sublime disdain,
Gazing upon the mighty hosts before her,
Drew
The white folds nearer to her regal breast in pride,
While thousands fought
O'er one fair woman.

—Al. P. Nelson.

THOUGHTS

A thousand things I shall not say,
And when I die,
We shall be buried in one grave,
My thoughts and I.

Still, I may say a thousand things
Before I die,
And we may do the world some good,
My thoughts and I.

—Helen Frances Corrigan.

“RETROSPECTION”

I go into the cavern of my mind,
Seeking out dead thoughts and cold desires.
Scattered like the ash of ancient fires,
By an obliterating, fierceful wind.

With memory a taper flame, I find
On forgetfulness's stagnant mires,
Where bats perch on the strings of silenced lyres,
Imprisoned, love, exists—which once had pined

For you. Do not think ill of me ; the wrong
Committed in forgetting, I repent
And put on garments of a penitent.
For satisfaction, sweet, please take this song
And cast it on dark waters vengeance bent.

—Edward Symanski.

ANSWER ME NOT

Answer me not if you must answer me coldly,
I of all others hate to be hurt by you.
Hot anger is nothing to tones without feeling—so
 scold me,
Turn your back on me, rise from your chair and de-
 part,
But oh, if you ever remember me close to your
 heart,
Answer me not, but do not answer me coldly.

—Helen Frances Corrigan.

PORPHYRIA'S LOVER SPEAKS:

They say that I am mad.

I am not mad.

Was not her white throat made for the pleasure
of the amorous serpents men called her hair?

Were not her violet eyes yearning piteously for
the kisses of the great Lover Death?

Were not her hands, so waxen and weird, aglint
with the incandescent amethysts of Lethean
waters?

They call me mad:

I see the drunken ass reel across the crooked
arches of the sky, and leer at me,

Just as on that night

When she, Porphyria, came to me

Stealing along with purple almond-eyes aslant
And amber veil lying on the breeze,

Calling me her lover, Me, O,

When the lecherous serpents on her head were
already seeking the delight of her white
throat,

And her eyes, which she said were for me alone,
Me. O,

Languishing for the kisses, the cold kisses, of her
true lover, Death,

And her marble fingers, (fingers she said were
mine, MINE, O,

Aquiver with the jewels, dripping the amethysts
Of Lethe.

And the mad moon leered, and the tree-demons
shot out their

twisted arms with every howl of the wind-wolf,
to clutch me, and clawing devils tore my
ears pale with listening to shreds. And

I gave her white throat to the serpents
to enjoy, and her eyes to the kisses of
Death,

And her pallid hands

To Lethe.

They call me mad.

I am not mad!

—Victor M. Hamm.

MOOD

Oh, stormy day. Leap at the shuttered pane,
Dash it with rain.
Exult in your mad glee, snatch at the sky
When clouds go by.
So does my heart exult—so does it cry.

—Betty Shores.

SUB ROSA

If the mistletoe grows
On the arch by the stair
How I'll run! No one knows
If the mistletoe grows
When its under the rose!
Johnny dear, do you dare
If the mistletoe grows
On the arch by the stair?

—Betty Shores.

FLAMES UNFANNED

I had thought those molten eyes were made for
smiling

And flashing fervent melodies of love.

Alas, O Fate has seen the craft beguiling

As the serpent holds in charm the helpless dove.

My pillabed heart lies, half extinguished, smould'-
ring;

Those ardent flames still glow beneath the char.

Sweetheart, my love shall be forever mouldr'ing

Though my mistress' glance be cold as the nor-
thern star.

Thus each melancholy day dies dreaming;

While dreary, mem'ry haunted night creeps down,

Bringing a lily face in visions gleaming;

Stirring anew a grief I fain would drown.

—Ray McNitt.

THE MOSS AGATE

Along the shore where dancing wavelets play
Upon the sand; where breaking billows rolled,
There lay a stone of shining red and gold—
Reflecting glory in its every ray.
I picked it up—a tiny waif astray—
And held it up, its beauty to behold
When lo! A piece of moss so green and cold
Within its dark recesses lay.

O Tiny piece of moss! here you were placed
As part of the Almighty's chosen plan.
Within this stone each feature may be traced
As is the soul upon the face of man.
Within this mortal clay may be embraced
Some hidden virtues that we cannot scan.

—Edith Don Levy.

THE BURIAL

You thought me dead and so you wept,
But underneath your momentary tears
Shone joy at being liberated.

And when my corpse was lowered
With such preciseness underground,
You sighed, a tear dropped, they buried it
In dedication.

—Al. P. Nelson.

PINES

Those mighty pines, ten centuries old,
Beside yon dark and silent lake,
Stand tall and grim like sentinels bold
Of ancient days. Their pon'drous heads

Of ebon hue sway gently in
The breezes against a summer sky
With stars bedecked. They scowl and grin.
Forsooth they whisper tales of when

The snarling wolf and nimble deer
Abided at their feet, the prey
Of bronze'd man. Perchance 'twas here
That nations dwelled, and built, and died

Unwept. And no one knows today,
Nor cares, but they, the guardians of
The hoary past. And who can say
These pines won't sigh or murmur low,

E'en laugh o'er us, long dead, who fought
And strove for glitt'ring toys—bright gold
And fame, Each life with struggle fraught,
A jest may seem to the mighty pines.

—John V. Jakusz.

WEEP SOFTLY

Weep softly little heart, flow gently tears,
For someone may pass by,
And laugh because you cry;
You should not show your troubles or your fears,
Weep softly little heart, flow gently tears.

Weep softly little heart, flow gently tears,
You'll have to learn you must
Keep little sorrowings hushed;
So let no telltale sob reach other ears,
Weep softly little heart, flow gently tears.

—Helen Corrigan.

BATTLE SONG

Leap high, heart, with joy and gladness,
Tug and chafe at your chords.
The flag is in the red of battle,
 And you with it.
Roar, cannon, with the north-wind,
Rage, cannon, with the thunder;
Shriek and shatter, shells, with the lightning
 And you with it.
The splendor of battle, the glory of death,
What more can you desire? Ah,—
'Tis all—the bullet's pierced my frame,
 And you with it.

—V. Hamm.

THE CLOCK

At each tick of the clock
The world grows older.
There's the click of a lock
At each tick of the clock
Locking dungeons of rock
Where the dead seconds moulder.
At each tick of the clock
The world grows older.

—Ray McNitt.

AUTUMN LONELINESS

With gold and rose
Moon-silvered singing night winds limned each leaf;
A shattered mold
In me spills out old loneliness and grief;
And falling rains
Monotonously swish like fine steel ropes;
Around my throat
A pain with long cold fingers chokes and gropes.

—Edward Symanski.

TO A BEAUTIFUL GIRL

Because the sunbeams tangled in your hair,
Because the velvet roses touched your cheek,
Because the waters left the ripples there
Within your laughter. And your eyes could speak
Of merry violets winking at the sun
Or shadowed nooks. Because the glistening dew
Is no more sparkling than you, pretty one,
Because of these—I gave my heart to you.

—E. Ruth Reynolds.

WHEN DREARY DAYS

When dreary days with sadness fill
Thy heart, and those about Thee stare
And mock Thy pain; when life is thrill
No longer bears and dark despair

Pervades Thy soul; when plans most bright
Are crushed by cruel fate, Thy smile
Has fled from tender lips and light
In gentle eyes is dimmed, a while,

A moment short at least, I fain
With Thee would stay, to comfort Thee,
For I, as Thou, have fought in vain,
And crave the balm of sympathy.

—John V. Jakusz.

LESS LONELY

I am quiet and less lonely
Now, tho long the candle burned,
And she whom I love only
Has returned;

I am jubilantly singing
Now, clear songs that echo far,
O maybe one is winging
To a star!

—Edward Symanski.

EXCELSIOR

The men that walk on beaten paths
Can sing no song to me;
Their every step is measured right,
They falter not, nor flee.

Give me the spirit, struggling, fluid,
Who grapples with the night,
Whose feet must fail the while his eyes
Are thirsting for the light.

The little men that walk the roads
Will find a little town;
And set their little feet to rest,
And lay their burden down.

But they will often look at night
Wistfully at a star
Where, far above this little world,
Their wayward comrades are.

—V. Hamm.

SPRING

A piece of rainbow lighted on the trees
A bit of Heaven dropped into the breeze,
The red of sunrise streaked the robin's breast,
The sunset's gold the bright canary's crest.
The tinkle of a star came down below
To be a dewdrop in the garden ro.
A grain of silver tumbled from the moon
To play upon the waves of the lagoon.
And nature lent a feathered host to sing—
Earth had come forth anew—and this was Spring.

—Harriet Wratten.

VERSES TO A FRIEND

I saw the sun before we met,
I smelt the rose, and yet
The sun is brighter now I know
That you are so.

I once could keep my bitter thoughts
Concealed in secret spots;
But now I have no secret spots,
No bitter thoughts.

You hold me in a light of joy
No constancy can cloy,
And ever as we are as one
I need no sun.

—V. Hamm.

TO A GARGOYLE

Bizarre little figure, alien child,
You leer from your post with face so wild.
Grotesquely instilling an unknown fear
With exotic influence depressing and drear.

Like an evil sprite you stare and grin
From cathedral spire and temple of sin
You seem like a spirit come to atone
Some age-old wrong to your mother stone.

—E. J. Lewinski.

A PRAYER

High vaulted heavens—
Is there beneath your opaque depths
Sprinkled with star dust
Moonbeams floating
Streams of light slow—drifting
Softly, tenderly down to this earth below—
Is there beneath the Pathway of the Gods
Another such as She?

She stands,
Arms lifted, eyes upturned to thee
The light of thrice three hundred thousand years
Of life and love
Soft rising up to thee in worship —
Fair arms and shoulders
White
As snow, fresh laid upon this earth below ;
Red lips, half parted as she breathes her prayer ;
Firm bosom, slender hips—
Lissom as a reed
Slow-swaying in a summer breeze—
Is there another such
As She?

She stands
Alone, her lips slow-moving in a prayer for love,
For life and love and new-found happiness,

And that the years to come
Shall bring no trial or sorrow to our hearts.
With arms upraised and eyes agleam with love
She stands alone, white breast, bare arms, and tender eyes—
High heavens—look down upon her tenderly;
Touch her with star-dust, sprinkle her with light;
Beneath your vaulted dome
There is no other maiden such as She.

—P. W. DuMez.

THIEF!

She stole the whiteness of the snow
And crowned it with the star-light glow.
She stole the blushes of the morn
This gem-like whiteness to adorn.

She stole the sweets that nature sheds
On primrose buds and violet beds.
And to reveal her artful wiles
She stole the Fairy's silv'ry smiles.

She stole the morning's balmy breath
And pilfered ocean pearls for teeth.
The cherry dipped in morning dew
Gave to her lips a scarlet hue.

—Ferd A. Brukwicki.

CORTEGE

Clouds are travellers of the skies
Bound for distant countries.

I must sit and watch them pass:
Little ones that shine like glass,
Dowagers of bulky mass,
Maids in silken flounces drest
Billowing among the rest,
Gypsy-folk that scamper past,
Slips of boys that lagger last.

All are hurrying on to see
Lands too far for you and me.

Do they pity us so tied
To the earth's protective side,—
All so huddled in and small
That we cannot breathe at all?

One I know there is who sighs,
One there is who envies,
When at eve the clouds he sees
Travelling through the open skies
Bound for distant countries.

—Victor M. Hamm.

PIERROT

In moonlight on the balcony,
Stands lovely Columbine;
She casts a rose down languidly,
Plucked from the clinging vine.

It falls upon the lawn below
And for a moment lies,
And soon she sees him, her Pierrot,
Who picks it with surprise.

And calling softly "Columbine,
With this your love you show,
The rose you flung is it the sign?"
Her head she beckoned low.

Upon his flute he sweetly played
A song of plaintive tune,
'Twas an amorous serenade;
And drowsily smiled the moon.

—Edward Symanski.

THE FLIGHT INTO EGYPT

Beneath the lowly thatch the Baby wakeful lay
And Joseph humbly stood nearby while Mary knelt
And crooned a simple lullaby, whose loving tones
Filled with human peace the tiny heart of Christ.
Scarcely had grown still the restless rustling of
The fowls which kept a nearby roost when heavy
grew

The baby lids that drooping drowsily, concealed
The two sweet pools of innocence that were His
eyes.

Her tones grew soft until they melted in a sigh
Which passing, left a meaning hush while Mary
gazed

In love upon her wondrous Child and worshipped
Him.

Then she too sank into slumber while Joseph stayed
to watch

Awhile lest ill befall this God-entrusted pair.

And standing there alone and in the quiet he mused
On yon mysterious Infant, wrapped in peaceful
sleep,

Whose little lips now were curved in happy smiles
As in His dreams whole choirs of angels ventured
down

On earth to play and frolic with the Heavenly Child.
Then startled, Joseph raised his eyes as one aroused
From sleep by strangely feeling someone standing
by.

For lo, before him shone a pillar of clear light
That topped the sky and sheared in twain the folds
of night,

And in the aperture an angel poised as bright
And luminous as sunlit crests of morning mist.

"Bestir," the vision spoke, "Take up the Child and
flee.

Go into Egypt's solitudes and bide thy time."

The spectre faded while Joseph brushed his wonder-
ing brow

He called to Mary and he told her of his dream.

How white her features blanched! But courage
surged within;

Her eyes seemed lustrous jewels set in ivory.

And patiently she wrapped the sleeping Child and
went.

* * *

Upon the height that overlooks the town they
paused

The brooding spirit of night had grown disturbed

For blazing torches moved below about the town;

The clash of iron on iron, men's shouts and hoarse
commands,

And mothers, shrieking for their perished babes,
were heard;

And swords were swiftly plied, all wet with infant's
blood.

The gentle soul of Mary quailed, but not for long,

For looking at her smiling Babe, she heartened grew

Though the sword had not yet passed.

So through the night they came,
Joseph humbly walking with his crooked staff
And Mary rocked by the motion of the lowly beast
On which she rode. And where the Infant's head
 pressed
Upon the soft folds of her dress, the woof was shot
 with gold
As love divine brightens and makes hallowed human
 love;
And where the covering shawl revealed His blessed
 form
The blue then shone like amethyst in glory.

—Richard V. Carpenter.

IN EXPLANATION

It's just because I want to please,—
That's why I act so ill.
I'm full of words and jeu d'esprit's
When silence would do more to please.
When talk would make me feel at ease,
I don't know why, but I keep still.
It's just because I want to please,—
That's why I act so ill.

Louis Lemieux.

DULCE ET DECORUM EST PRO PATRIA MORI

Under the green and tender earth they sleep
Our sacred dead: Fame like a golden star
Shines down, and voices from the broad, blue deep
Bring peace with gentle tidings from afar.

No murmur, vain retort or coward complaint
No words of wise discretion could we hear
As strong with Xeland's glory, without taint,
They held our holy hills and knew no fear.

O ye who slaves to fashion whispered all
The old familiar tales of danger, death
And dark disgrace, remember now your shame,
The little pleasures of the festive hall.

An empty love, and lips that knew no breath
Of sacrifice—these only can ye claim.

—Thomas P. Whelan.

THREE VARIATIONS ON SMOKE-STACKS

Smokestacks are stalwart Ethiopian maids
Quietly gazing on the cloud parades,
Flinging their sooty tresses to the sun,
Letting the rough winds comb them one by one.

The rigid towering steel smokestacks rise
In stoical defiance to the skies,
Chanting blaspheming smoke-songs endlessly
Like garrulous bassons of ebony.

They are tall brick flagpoles of industry
That flaunt their pouring pennants ceaselessly
Above the squatting tents of wood and stone,
In an eternal hectic monotone.

—Edward Symanski.

A PIECE OF AUTUMN IN THE CITY

A black old tree that weaves fantastic fingers
 Athwart the sky
Two lonely chimneys, and a roof that lingers,
 Not low, not high;
Beyond,—the city's jumbled silhouette,—
 A crazy line;
A dash of birds across the grey palette;
 A shred of smoky twine.

WHEN ON A HILL

When on a hill, I love to lie
And watch the clouds that amble by,
Across the great expanse of blue;
And birds that soar and float there, too,
Above the earth's material cry.

At times I downward cast my eye
On men, and then I wonder why
It is great thoughts have come to few
When on a hill.

A hill attempts to reach the sky
A little—It can only try;
A hill can give a better view
Of heaven and earth than most things do;
To both I feel a closer tie
When on a hill.

—Wallace Carroll.

A COUNTRY ROAD

The somber scallop of the pines
Outlines the hilltop, and the snow
Furrows the wood road flung below
The curve of hill. In slender lines
The tall poles follow, stately, slow
The road where winter travellers go.

Tranquil and sure, night follows day
Against the pines the snow birds fly,
And blue and black the shadows lie.
Beside the road that winds away
Where snow is heaped and stars are high
And only little winds go by.

——Elizabeth Shores.

YOU

I will write your name in dew-drops
On a flower-bed ;
And the fairies still will read it,
After we are dead.

When I paint you,—for a canvass,
I will use the sky ;
Then the rare sweetness of your smile
Will not ever die.

But I am selfish,—I alone
Would take unto the grave,
Your eyes which are so beautiful,
And eager, and brave.

—Ada McMurdy.

THE QUEENS

Oh, Spring's an amorous aristocrat,
With flowers in her hair.
And Summer's a girl with deep blue eyes,
Who sings all day.
Autumn's a sloe-eyed gypsy queen,
Riotous red and gold.
And Winter, the belle dame sans merci,
Has a voice like frosted jade.

—Ada McMurdy.

MARY'S HOURS

THE HOUR FELICITOUS

—and peace on earth, to men of good will!
Unlimited was Mary's joy,
When she gave birth
To Christ, a comely Hebrew boy,
Born in a meanly cattle stall on earth.

Before the crib, a stupid ass and oxen cowed,
And three proud kings with gifts, in homage knelt
and bowed.

THE HOUR DOLOROUS

—Father hast Thou forsaken me!
And Mary's sharpest tears of pain
Fell in the dust;
He hung limp, crucified and slain;
Into His side a Roman lance was thrust.

The dead rose from their opened earthly beds to
walk,
And shadows spoke about His death in troubled
talk.

—Edward Symanski.

TRIOLET

I will come back to you
 When all the world's a May.
If you, O Heart, be true
I will come back to you;
And we'll begin anew,
 Yet in the old, old way:
I will come back to you
 When all the world's a May.

—Wm. P. McKenna.

JUGGLERS

Those iron lamps beside the asphalt street
Are frozen jugglers who can't move their feet,
Or feel the cold because each one is numb;
Or utter words of awe, their mouths are dumb;

But they are happy when they see the stars
Or hear the rumbling of the gliding cars,
That slowly move along the shining rails
Recurrently like giant yellow snails;

And when the moon sits on a cloudy hill
Those jugglers poised show acrobatic skill,
And balance on their heads all through the night
Six balls of glass intensely hot and bright.

—Edward Symanski.

OH SPEAK!

Oh speak harmonious Muse, thou mellow child!
Let dulcet strains flow unctuously in love
Like angel's song which sweet and clear above,
Respond in Heaven's galleries. Release the dove,
Its perfect peace, to still my discord wild!

And in the garden of my mind let purl
The drops of effluent: wake the drooping bloom
Of the thought so it may loftier grow: and groom
Its faded shadows, blend its colored plum—
So gorgeous petals full nurtured unfurl.

—Frank Schrant.

LITTLE LUXEMBURG

O Little Land of Luxemburg,
Fair, peaceful corner of the world!
In councils high you have not part,
Your ancient battle-flags are furled.
Your only spoils, a people's heart,
O Little Land of Luxemburg!

O Little Land of Luxemburg,
I know your storied Keltic morn;
Romances of your youthful brow,
The saints and heroes you have borne,
And crown of olives you wear now,
O Little Land of Luxemburg!

O Little Land of Luxemburg,
I sing of Siegfried's fairy wife,
The fabled, tragic Melusin;
Of Irmasinde's golden life,
And John the Blind, your paladin,
O Little Land of Luxemburg!

O Little Land of Luxemburg,
You draw my exiled heart to you:
When shall your castled heights I see,
And valleys which my father knew,
And at your shrines, when bend my knee,
O Little Land of Luxemburg?

—Albert P. Schimberg.

THE EYES OF YOUTH

The eyes of youth, the eyes of age,
Both view the show, diverse their places.
Youth's down in front, before the stage,
A dazzled by the pretty faces.
Age strolls in ennui through the wings,
And sees the players come and go,
The shamming sets and make-believe things
Full weary of this puppet show.

Then look ye well, you'll often find
Behind tired orbs a stripling mope,
Surfeit with life and fellow-kind.
While furrowed brow shades wells of hope,
Filled with faith in man and truth.—
God, let me keep mine eyes of youth!

—Wm. P. McKenna.

DISCONTENT

High in the boughs of a maple tree
A sad little leaf made a moan
And bewailed its shabbied garb of green
That long had lusterless grown.

And it envied the robes of the myriad leaves
Touched by the Wizard's wand
And tinged with the roseate hues that rise
O'er the hills when the day has dawned.

And it longed for a daintier robe of gold
Tinged with a crimson hue;
That it might be decked in a fitting garb,
When the autumn breeze came in to woo.

As its sister leaves had done,
And flutter adown the forest breeze,
In the light of the setting sun.

And lo! In the night the leaf was tinged
By the Wand of the Wizard Frost,
And swept from the bough by an autumn breeze,
And lifted, and whirled and tossed.

Till the autumn wind wearied and laid it down
In its crimson garb of gold,
Where its sister leaves were falling fast,
To die amid the forest mould.

—L. Stimson.

ACROSS THE WAY

Across the way, there used to be
A place where I could stand and see
The rustling corn wave back to me,
 When soft the winds were blowing.

Across the way, I peer until
This mist blots the window sill,—
They say I'm old and very ill.—
 How fast the light is going!

—Wm. P. McKenna.

LINES BY A HORSE ON A BITTER COLD DAY

Beside me on the curb you're rolled,
And warm fur robes around you cast,
While I, uncovered, shake with cold
In blinding snow and chilling blast;
You are a flivver—I'm a horse!

And it is right that robes of fur
Be wrapped around your fragile form,
For injury you might incur
If left uncovered to the storm—
While I will be immune of course:
I'm not a car—I'm just a horse.

Exposed, and standing all day long
In wintry winds that cut like steel,
Is good for horses, who are strong,
But I confess some grief I feel;
I was created by the Lord,—
I wish it had been Henry Ford!

—Viola Risch.

SPRING

Oh, birds may sing and hearts may beat
In the joy of this springtime weather ;
When the apple blossoms drop their wreath
Of glory in the heather.
And chirp of birds in the cherry tree—
And the croak of frogs by the pond,
The meadow larks whirring away from their nests—
And the fields of green beyond.

—Valeska Gersmehl.

CHICAGO GUM-WOMAN

Say, old woman of the corner
Sitting in the sunlight's glare,
Why that attitude of mourner?
Why that semblance of prayer?

Can't you hear the traffic surging?
Hear the elevated roar?
Hear the scream of whistles merging
With the tramp of crowds that pour

Back and forth and all around you
Where you dream with drooping head?
What is one to think about you—
Should he say that you are dead!

Come, put up your stolid features,
Open your mouth, you are not dumb,
Stop your muttering to creatures,
Of the pencils and the gum.

There, that's better, lift your eyelids,
Oh my God! A vacant stare!
Quick, put down your heavy eyelids—
Empty sockets—nothing there.

—Lacell Rork.

ON SEEING WHISTLER'S "BRIDGE"

Old bridge, you're hushed and sleeping now,
A cool wind soothing your shadowy arm.
Though millions bruise you every day
Each morn but finds you ready for
Hard work. You have the endless patience
Of a mountain that nightly watches the silent
Clear procession of the stars through all
Eternity. From you I've much
To learn—indeed, old bridge.

—By Raymond Papineau.

“NOCTURNE ORIENTALE”

With muffled throb, black eunuchs tom toms beat
And cymbals clash, a flute and viol sighs ;
I gaze on you beloved, with love-worn eyes
And list enchanted to your voice most sweet.

Green lines of incense from gold censers gleet ;
Your auburn hair is sleek with henna dyes,
A nest where an exotic perfume lies ;
I mutely crouch at your pale sandaled feet.

Upon the orchid strewn divan you lie,
Around us swim soft rose and violet lights ;
From my piccolo plaintive preludes fly
On music's pinions to enraptured heights,
And floating, falling, soaring, floating die ;
They sang of beauty on this night of nights.

—Edward Symanski.

SWEETNESS

A garden gay with brilliant flowers,
Enticed a bumble bee.
"There surely must be nectar
In that fragrant flower," quoth she.

So in a poppy's scarlet cup,
She poked her velvet head;
But no sweet nectar could she sup:—
The bloom's bright charm had fled.

Now humming o'er the clover fields,
From flow'r to flow'r she darts:—
How many less pretentious things
Hold sweetness in their hearts.

—Eva Trieschmann.

SUNSHINE

Just a bit of summer sunshine
 When all the skies are blue
Birds a-singing
 And I'm a-roaming with you
In the summer sunshine.

What could be more joyous,
 When the skies are blue,
Than a bit of summer sunshine—and you.

Just a bit of summer sunshine,
 'Tis a wonderful thing and true,
But the sun is always shining
 Since the day that I met you,
Shining, always shining, and skies are always blue.

—Edward O'Keef.

THE VOICE

I heard a voice long years ago,
That called me softly, called me low,
And bade me take my cross and go,
 Along His way.

Amidst the rabble and the crowd,
Amidst the haughty and the proud,
And where the dead lay in its shroud,
 I heard that voice.

I heard a voice through long, long years,
That called in happiness, in tears;
It called me when assailed by tears,
 I stood alone.

'Twas carried on the summer breeze,
It cried aloud through barren trees,
Through night and day, in pain and ease,
 I heard that Voice.

I knelt in prayer one long passed night,
Before a marble altar, white,
Lit only by a blood red light,
 And heard that Voice.

And there within that chapel's gloom,
That chapel silent as the tomb,
My soul cried out in love's new bloom,
 "My Lord, I come."

Rev. Raymond J. Mahoney.

CLOTHING

"Clothe me," said the lily,
 "In a garment red,
I do think 'tis silly,
 To look white and dead."

Mother Nature clothed her,
 In a poppy red.
Now the poor dear lily,
 Crumpled is—and dead.

—Valeska Gersmehl.

THE CLASP OF YOUR HAND

You took my hand and held it fast,
One evening long ago,
When my youthful heart, with first sorrow bled.
And somehow, I seemed to know,
That when life would be cruel, your loving clasp,
Would still have the magical power,
To sooth my soul, as it soothed it then,
In that quiet evening hour.

You came tonight and took my hand,
And held it firm and fast,
Though you spoke no word, still my bruised heart
knew,
You were faithful to the last.
And the man was again the little boy,
In the world there were just we two,
And I forgot in that one brief hour,
The pain the long years knew.

Rev. Raymond J. Mahoney.

GERMAN PHILOSOPHY

You vas only shust mein kleine dawg
I vish dat I vas you
For ven you go to bed—dree dimes
You durn, and den you're droo.
Ven I go mit de bed in
Vat troubles—me oh my
I vind de clock, and lock de doors
And den de baby cry.
I valk it up and down de floors
My vife vakes ub and scolds
And hat gesaght, "Go catch de cat"
Bud all I catch iss colds.
Diss dawg's life iss an easy von
Ven morgen iss—mein pup
You scratch yourself a couple dimes
And stretch, and you vas ub.
Vile I must light de fire qvik
And pud de keddle on
And scrap already mid mein vife
Ach! Vork iss never done.
You blay all day and chase de dail
And haf you blenty fine
I vork all day and dodge about
And haf mein troubles—nein?
And ven you die, youse dead for sure
And you vas lucky. Vell,
You tink ven I am dead, I'm droo?
Ach! Den gecommen Hell.

—E. Ruth Reynolds,

INDOLENCE

Supine beneath the whispering trees
That border upon the shore,
I listlessly set my thoughts all free
And dreamily watch them soar
Away up in the fathomless blue,
Where on an indolent breeze
The snowy seagulls are soaring too
Adrift, with effortless ease.
Anon a feathery cloud trails by
Unhurried and all alone—
At length another, I drop my eye,
(Too many I can't condone)
And gazing over the sparkling lake
Behold an anomaly:
'Tis a sailing sloop without a wake
Becalmed on a waveless sea;
While farther out at the hazy rim
Beyond the harbor bouy,
A tiny steamer of outline dim
Creeps past the lighthouse toy.

—Lacell Rork.

THE STORM

The sun is sinking in the fiery West,
The clouds are rushing on their wild, wet wings,
The lightning, like an eagle from its nest
In dazzling circles 'round the mountain swings.

With cries of startled birds the valley sounds,
The forest groans beneath the wind's cruel lash
With mighty leaps and crashing bounds
The waves against the heavy headlights dash.

—Ferd A. Brukwicki.

THE SINGER

A fisherman sat on a sloping deck,
A blackened pipe between his teeth.
He smiled to himself, and then at me
And straightaway sang a song of the sea;

"My lassie is tiny, my lassie is wee,
My lassie's at home brewing tea for three—
My laddie dear, my lassie and me.
Oh, but to be there for that cup of tea."

The storm came on quickly, the riggin' lashed,
The waves looked wicked as o'er us they dashed,
The sailor sang as he caught the tang—
Of the salt sea air, and his loud voice rang,

"O, weren't it pleasant," he dreamed and sang,
"To live once again in the pleasant springtime,
To listen to birds to each other sing true,
While fondly I'm singing, my love, of you?"

—Valeska Gersmehl.

NIGHT

Solemnly, darkly, onward I wend—
Still little children—call me their friend.

Fearsomely, awfully, steal I from,
Days dearest treasure—set of the sun.

Peacefully, quietly, go I my way,
Night may not linger, to break of day.

—Valeska Gersmehl.

MY MOTHER WALKS

My mother walks where flowers are,
 And quiet places know her feet;
I pray her ways be always far
 From ruthless turmoil of the street.

My mother whom I do not know,
A woman, on whose head the snow
Of age a gleaming coronal,
I lately saw in frightened thrall
To all the tangled turbulence
Of streets' congested confluence

And instantly I saw that she
Must timid and old fashioned be,
Like mother mine who walks serene
Her tended garden paths between,
But here would know an exile's pain
And hunger to be home again.

From smallish town or country lane
This rustic mother came in vain;
A bird decoyed from woodland nest,
Her heart will never let her rest.
She must return, else never be
Content till death doth set her free.

My mother walks where flowers are,
 And quiet places know her feet:
I pray her ways be always far
 From turmoil of the ruthless street.

—Albert P. Schimberg.

COBWEBS

Grey dust may settle on those idle dreams
That lie there, scattered, in a darkened spase
Where none may peer, nor blow the dust away,
Where dreams may grow as yellowed as old lace
And Time may crumble into nothingness.
To those who shrug, let mind to tongue recall,
Far better idle dreams than none at all.

—E. Ruth Reynolds.

A SCENE AT NIGHT

A pale and stormy moon rocks through the clouds
And shrouds

The street in eerie gloom and mystery.

A tree

Makes Gothic arcs, and seven other trees

Join these.

A street-lamp blues against the dark; and lone,

Little grown.

The houses huddle close, and stare, afraid,—

In the shade.

—Ann O.

FRAGMENT

For you, the sun a red ballon
Tied to a gaudy elder reed
And the round mirror of the moon
From which soft silver rays proceed.

For you, handfuls of broken stars
Dug from the quarries of the night
With sharp picks and iron bars
By fairy miners' might.

—Edward Symanski.

A DESIRE

A silvery and lonely drop of rain,
While I was chasing Joy in rustic lane,
Fell lightly on my hot and childish brow,
Ah! I would like to have it there just now!

How like the cheery smile of youthful maid,
The clasp of lover's hand in evening's shade,
And crystal water found in bubbling spring,
By birds that flood the woods with songs that ring.

Amid the grim and steel of cities great,
The drop of rain induced by surly Fate,
Ventures to fall and change fact'ries and all
To melancholy's mien as with a pall.

Oh! Bring to me that tiny, cool raindrop,
And let it fall upon my brow, then stop;
That it may take away gently from me
That gruesome creature christened "Misery."

—A, Wagner.

BETHLEHEM

Upon the straw within the humble shed
There lay the Son, a humble child to show
His love, redeeming back for man the Loss.
A light suffused around the Infant's head,
He spread his arms to greet the star, and lo!
Upon the straw-strewn earth was shadowed out a
cross.

—Wm. P. McKenna.

STREET ON A RAINY NIGHT

Glistening sheen in pools of quivering light,
Red, yellow, green, and white,
The pools of light
Flung out in trembling lane.

That is the floor.
The walls
Are shafts of polished ebony
Set far apart with darkness in between
Black velvet hung on silver wires
Pierced through with somber, golden fires
That glow between the ebony.

Jeweled cords from murky ceiling stream
And glitter in the misty beam.
Glitter, swirl, dance, and gleam,
Sparkling cords of falling rain.

—Lacell Rork.

RENDEZVOUS

Temple bells are ringing,
Philomel is singing
 Will not my lover come again?

Lotus lanterns glowing,
Dark-eyed women showing
 Like brightly colored mandarins.

Evening breezes sighing,
Fragile flowers dying,
 Yonder comes a sombre mandarin.

—Victor Schmidt.

LONE EASTERN STAR

Lone eastern star, that gleamed on sacred night,
Above Judea's silent, barren land,
And guided o'er the desert's sun-wooded sand,
The Magi three, with happy hearts and light,
And from their flocks lead trembling with affright,
Unto the Child, the humble shepherd band,
Most blessed of all,' neath Herod's sceptered hand,
Down through the ages has your gleam shown
bright.

Lone eastern star, a pilgrim on the way,
Foot-sore and weary, seeks your beacon beam,
And scans throughout the night, the vaulted blue,
For one faint gleam, lest his weak steps should stray
All helpless. Guide his path, Oh! Holy Gleam
Along the walk of faith that childhood knew .

—Rev. Raymond J. Mahoney.

MUSIC

Music is like joy returned ;
Like memories of old sweet days ;
Like wraiths of tapers which once burned
Before a shrine of ideal things.

Music is like joy returned ;
Like fragrances of flowery ways
To which our exiled footsteps turned
In other, half-forgotten Springs.

—Aíbert P. Schimberg.

(Courtesy of American Poetry Magazine.)

THE FADED ROSE

Withered and weak with pain,
The rose will pine away,
In vain the sun and rain
May seek to oft delay
The blooming rose of—yesterday.

The rose is lying dead?
No! it sleeps in yon bay
Waiting to wed 'tis said
With fresh beauty in May.
When it may glow again—some fine day.

Is not our life the same?
The radiant days sever
The ones of qualm or fame,
And come till Death clever,
Conquers us but not—forever.

—A. Wagner.

